

## It's Better to Marry.

If an engaged man in the Argentine Republic dallies beyond a reasonable time in leading his fiancée to the altar he is heavily fined, and if a resident of the republic should fail to marry he is taxed until he reaches the age of eighty years.

## The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY  
"Down the Surface of the Cliff I Crept Like a Fly Crawling Upon a Wall."

### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### A Friend in Need.

"Down the surface of the cliff I crept like a fly crawling upon a wall, but with no uncertainty of grip. Luckily, my face was turned closely to the rock, and I resisted the temptation to glance over my shoulder. I had to look carefully to my feet and test every step before I took it, and if in those first minutes I had reached any spot where there was nothing for my hands to grasp, then my trial would have come to a speedy conclusion. For in this descent my hands were, if anything, of greater use than my feet, and it is very lucky that I have strong wrists and have accustomed myself since boyhood to gymnastic exercises.

"Once only did a realization of the terrors before and behind me take possession of my mind, and in that terrible moment I nearly lost my foothold and fell. It had seemed to me that I heard a movement from above, and I had fancied that I was discovered, that my progress was being watched with laughing unconcern, and I had attempted to lift my head to see. Immediately my feet slipped and I had not retained a firm hold with my hands nothing could have saved me. The whole weight of my body was on my fingers, and for a few seconds I hung suspended. Then somehow I contrived to draw myself up so that I felt the path beneath my feet again.

"When I recovered from the shock, I noticed that it was an iron ring which I had grasped, and which had lent me such timely aid. I came across many other such rings during my descent; they had evidently been placed there for the assistance of those who had once made use of the path.

"At last I reached the ledge upon which grew the solitary tree, but even here, though I might have done so, I would not rest. Not till I had reached the recess, with its protruding spur of rock upon which lay the body of my adversary, would I think of halting. I must reach that recess, and then— but I would not allow myself the contemplation of what might happen afterward.

"I gave a rapid glance at the way I must go, and then set off again. I was descending now by the aid of the protruding fragments of rock which constituted a sort of staircase; it was easier work, on the whole, though the distances between the steps were occasionally alarming; still there was always something for my hands to hold firmly to while I lowered myself from projection to projection. If I had but possessed a rope, the position would not have been so terrifying.

"The path again sloping gently toward the recess, I clung to the last step from which I had just descended, and glanced down the way I must go. To my horror I saw that the gypsy had moved from the dangerous position in which he had been lying, and was now sitting up, watching me intently. Then not even the fall had killed him! He was there, my enemy, awaiting me, and one thrust of his hand delivered before I had set my feet on the safe prominence where he stood would be enough to put an end to all my hopes of escape. How came it that he had not been killed? It seemed an impossibility, a miracle, and for a moment I thought that my own great peril must have turned my brain.

"My heart sank, and I gave myself up for lost. I struggled on, but my efforts were almost mechanical. My own blood was flowing, for more than once I had been struck in the face by falling stones; one had cut my forehead, and the blood dripped into my eyes. I saw through a veil of red.

"And so it was almost in a condition of collapse that I reached within a step or two of my goal. I believe that even then I should have loosed my hold and allowed myself to fall—for a faintness had come over me and I was about to succumb to it—had not a hand been stretched out, a hand which seized and instead of thrusting me down as I had anticipated, drew me with a powerful jerk into a place of safety.

"I sank down, fainting, upon a bed of soft grass, and for a few moments all my troubles were forgotten in oblivion.

"When I recovered I found that the gypsy had bathed my forehead—there was no ache or smart—so that he was pouring a few drops down my throat. I cannot tell you how grateful the liquid was to me at that moment. My lips and mouth seemed absolutely parched. Luckily my hurts were not serious, and I had fainted from sheer exhaustion rather than loss of blood.

"So it was not long before I was able to sit up and consider the situation. And my first action was to clutch the hand of the man who had been my enemy and thank him for what he had done.

"I thought you would have killed me," I said faintly.

He spoke first in his native language, and then seeing that I did not understand, addressed me in German. His remarks were in appreciation of the feat which I had just accomplished.

"I did not think it possible," he said.

"He had bound up his own wounds—roughly, but sufficiently enough to staunch the bleeding. I had struck him twice with the dagger, but the wounds had not been deep, though they had been enough to cause him momentary faintness when he found himself on the brink of the precipice. He had fallen into a mass of shrubs which grew on the verge of the little promontory and had sustained no damage. After a few moments he was able to pull himself together and watch my perilous descent.

"I did not think it possible," he repeated over and over again.

"He was not a bad fellow, this gypsy, as he turned out, and he bore me no malice. He showed

himself, indeed, anxious to assist me to escape, and he laughed when I told him how Valenski, in drugging me, had succumbed himself to the influence of the narcotic fumes. It was as I slowly recovered from my swoon that we talked thus and gradually came to understand each other. I protested that Valenski had violated the laws of hospitality.

"But you are a police spy," he said.

"I am not working in the interests of your country," I replied, "but of my own. Certainly I wish to prevent the introduction of drugs for murderous purposes into America. What you may do here in Hungary is your own affair—and that of your police. It was not fair fighting to inveigle me here on a pretense of friendship and then to seek to murder me."

"It was a strange position. We two men, both of us weak and battered from our rough experiences, sitting on that ledge of rock, a yawning precipice beneath us, with no means of escape—as far, at least, as I was aware; we two who had fought with savage desire to kill each other not an hour ago, who might again become enemies when the common danger was averted.

"You cannot escape without my assistance," said my companion at last, shortly and gruffly.

To Be Continued Tomorrow  
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## Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

WASNT it too bad that the gold-laced steward wouldn't believe little Puss Junior's story. But perhaps it would seem strange to you and me if we had found a lot of gold pieces in a stranger's basket, especially if that stranger were in our garden and the gold pieces were marked with the crest of the family we worked for.

Well, anyway, the gold-laced steward picked up the basket and said:

"Hush up with your silly tale. Do you think anybody will believe that?" Then he searched Puss and took away his bag of gold pieces, and the letter marked "Private," and then shut him up in a cell.

But when the Baron came home he said to his steward, "Let me see this cat who wears red-top boots." So they brought Puss to him, and as soon as the Baron heard what Puss had to say, he believed him, and was very happy to think that the strange, sad man had repented of his bad deeds. And the Baron told Puss that when Christmas came he would have the fir tree brought in and covered with the presents and many candles.

And then all of a sudden, Puss thought, about the letter marked "Private" which the King had given him. So he said to the Baron, "Can you tell me where the Great Governor Jorlando lives, for I have a letter for him."

"Of course, I can," replied the Baron. "He is my son and lives not far from here." So the gold-laced steward had to give the letter back to Puss, as well as his leather bag full of gold pieces. And after that the kind Baron gave orders that a messenger should take the letter to the Great Governor Jorlando and invited Puss to spend the night in the castle.

And that night, when Puss was sound asleep, he heard a gentle tapping at his window. And when he opened it a raven hopped into the room and said:

"I have come from the fir tree on the mountain side. Here is a cone it bade me bring to you." And then the raven flew away. And when Puss looked carefully at the cone he saw it was fitted with a top. So he opened it and inside was a little gold ring wrapped in a piece of paper, on which was written:

"Wear this ring. It will keep you from all evil, and when Christmas Eve comes think of the little fir tree who longed to grow up so as to be a Christmas tree."

"Ah," thought little Puss to himself, "this is a happy ending to my journey. The Baron and his wife will have their Christmas tree with all the golden presents, and the fir tree will have its wish, and the strange, sad man need be sorrowful no longer." And after that Puss turned over and went to sleep, and in the morning he set out once more in search of new adventures.

And by and by he came to a village where there lived a man and his wife who had a very beautiful daughter. But oh dear me, she was so vain and proud of her good looks that she would never help her parents, but sat all day long by the window waiting for a prince to come by and ask her to marry him. And in the next story you shall hear who finally married her, but I will tell you right now he wasn't a prince.

(Copyright by David Cory.)  
To Be Continued.

### A Knotty Problem

Here is a queer case for a law action. A man who was insane determined to throw himself out of the window of an asylum. He made several attempts, and was prevented by the servants. But in an apartment, he tried again, jumped out of the window, fell on to the lawn, and injured himself seriously, but strange to say, the shock cured his mental disorder. At once he sued the officers of the asylum for negligence. The plaintiff was non-suited.

## Experiences Gained Through Sympathy Make Our Lives Richer



# Magazine Page



## To Keep a Man Safe

By NELL BRINKLEY

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"I was a near thing, old boy. This bit of leather and silver and femininity from home kept it from being your heart—and you're just got a bad old gouging!"

How many girls' faces there are in No Man's Land, carried against the heart of the American boy, put there by soft hands, "to keep a man from harm," to balk a bullet perhaps or flying shrapnel, to bring him home safe again; how many delicate, smiling faces that look out on strange dugouts, muddy walls, from the shelter of a dreaming man's hands—the girl of No Man's Land!—NELL BRINKLEY.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

Insists Too Much on Rights.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Mr. A. and Miss B. are engaged. A. has an appointment to call on B. at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon and B. is aware of A.'s coming. Shortly before that time B. is requested by a married sister to accompany her in her automobile to visit a cousin. There is no reason at all for going just at that particular moment, as no previous appointment was made by either B. or her sister. B. is persuaded to go and leaves with her sister in the automobile. A. arrives at B.'s house promptly at 2 o'clock. He is informed by B.'s father that she left a request for A. to meet her at her cousin's. B.'s father also states that if A. wants to, he can go and meet B., but if he prefers he can wait until B. returns. A. decides to wait until she comes back.

1. Was it good manners or proper for B. to go away under the circumstances?

2. Was it good manners or proper for A. to remain at B.'s house and await her return?

M. M.

It would appear from this letter that both these young people are too much inclined to stand on their "rights." To maintain the amiable relationship that is necessary for people who propose spending their lives together it is better to think more of concessions and less of "rights."

B. to hold strictly to the letter of the law, should have informed A. she was breaking her engagement, but doubtless felt that she knew him well enough to take this little liberty. It was entirely optional on A.'s part where he should spend the intervening time, though

### He Is Sarcastic.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going about with a young man for some months, but lately he acts queerly, at other times he can never do enough to please me. How can I find out whether he really cares?

### DOWN-HEARTED.

Nothing could be a greater mistake for a girl than to allow a man to set the pace for all the moods, and then become wretched or joyous accordingly. Have a little independence of character and when he acts cool and sarcastic, be indifferent, if you are incapable of being cool and sarcastic yourself. I am afraid you have shown too plainly that he is indispensable, and he is accordingly putting a value on something of which he is sure.

### Had Not Shown Her Enough Attention.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen and last winter went out a few times with a man of twenty-one. For the last few months I haven't been out with him, but talked over the phone quite a few times. Last week he called me up and told me he was leaving for camp the next week and asked me whether I would like to have dinner with him. I accepted the invitation. At the dinner table he made it clear to me that he would like me to wait for him.

## By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

I told him he had not shown me enough attention for that, but when he returned from the war if there were no obstacles in the way our friendship could be renewed. As I have no mother or sisters would you advise me if I did the right thing?

E. F.

You neglected the highly important detail as to whether you cared about the young man or not. But I suppose as long as you gave him some encouragement, you are at least interested. Your answer to him strikes me as extremely prudent—almost too prudent for any deep feeling. Perhaps you will learn to care more for him while he is away.

### Acquaintance Without Introduction.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A girl friend has asked me to write you and inquire whether it would be wrong for her to accept an invitation from a soldier whom she knows only by sight. She lives near a camp and has to pass it every time she goes to business. This soldier is always outside, waves his hand to her and she waves back. The other day he called her over and asked if she would care to go out with him some night. She said she would let him know in a few days.

G. M.

I thoroughly disapprove of acquaintances made in this informal manner, and if your friend intends to accept the soldier's invitation it would be better for her to accept in a party. This may seem very dull and formal, but conventions have been instituted for the protection of women and they would do better to abide by them.

## THE PLOTTERS

A Serial of the East and West

Elizabeth Comes to the Point and Confesses to John Butler That She Is Not the Cousin of the Chapins.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

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THERE was an awkward silence after John Butler had made his remark. Elizabeth felt she must speak.

"I was just talking to poor old Talak out there," indicating the front porch. "He has looked queerer than ever since his dog was killed. Wonder what's going on in that crazy brain of his?"

"He has been practically useless for the past week or two—so Chapin says," Butler remarked. "I heard his tell Talak he was going to discharge him as soon as it suited his convenience to do so. If the poor fellow had sense enough he would leave, anyway. But I suppose he knows that, with his inefficiency, he could hardly get another job."

Elizabeth exclaimed indignantly. "And Amos Chapin bullies the poor wretch, and threatens him. I hate Talak myself—but I hate still more to see any helpless creature taken advantage of."

She paused, remembering that man of whom she was saying such bitter things was supposed to be the husband of her cousin, but Butler did not seem astonished at her vehemence.

"I agree with you entirely," he said quietly. "And I sympathize with your indignation. You see, I heard a part of what Mr. Chapin was saying to you in the hall. I understand that he wants to buy this farm."

"Yes," Elizabeth began. "Then she stopped again, horribly embarrassed. Butler must have heard her acknowledge that she had had a letter from Wade. He also must know by this time that Douglas was engaged to Alice Butler."

"There is something I must tell you," she said, abruptly. Her breath came fast. The most casual observer could not fail to see that she was deeply agitated.

"There is nothing that you must tell me," he corrected, gravely. "What's more, I do not want to hear anything that you do not really want to confide to me."

"Thank you," she murmured, looking toward the head of the stairs. She feared that Amos Chapin might be listening to the conversation between his two boarders.

Butler saw the glance and interpreted it correctly.

"If you come into the parlor," he suggested, "I can talk more unreservedly. It is at least cool and comfortable in here—in spite of the fact that the room is never opened for anything except state affairs—such as weddings and funerals, I suppose."

"I do not know that they have ever had either of those functions here," Elizabeth strove to speak lightly. "I wonder why the Chapins never use this room. It is opened only in a long while, swept and dusted, and then shut no tight again. However, on a day like this

the close air is so much cooler than that outside that it feels good."

She had followed her companion into the big parlor, and now seated herself in the corner of a black leather chair. The man drew a chair opposite and sat down.

"I remember this furniture as long as I can remember anything," she mused.

She was talking against time, in the hope of calming her beating heart.

But her plan did not have the desired result, for John's next speech set her pulses to racing madly.

No Use in Pretending.

"Have the Chapins always lived here—I mean, where they live when Dr. Wade's people used to spend their summers on this farm?"

She shook her head. "I don't think so," she stammered. "But of course I do not remember the time when the Chapins were not here."

There was nothing to be gained by pretending any longer. She would confess that she was no relative of the farmer and his wife.

"I want to tell you," she began, moistening her lips with her tongue. Butler either did not hear her or wished to spare her a distressing revelation.

"You know Dr. Wade," he said abruptly. "so you will be interested to learn that he is engaged to my sister. I got a letter from Alice

and one from my mother a few hours ago."

Now was the time for her to cast aside all reserve.

"Yes," she said suddenly. "I know about it."

"You know about it?" he repeated, astounded. "Why, it is not announced yet. Surely Wade has not—"

"Yes," she interrupted. "The has written me of it. He felt that I had a right to know about it. Oh, Mr. Butler, didn't Clifford Chapin tell you about Douglas and me?"

Her question was followed by a silence so long that she was frightened.

"I must tell you the truth," she hurried on. "I am not the Chapin's cousin, I—"

"I know that!" the man's voice was hoarse. "I have known that for some days. I have known that 'Clifford Chapin told you' she asked eagerly. 'He told you everything?'"

"Everything?" Butler repeated dully. "You mean—"

"About Douglas and me—and our little plot—and why we—"

She stopped appalled by the change that swept over his face. Even in dim light she could see how white he had grown.

"Don't!" he said sharply, springing to his feet and standing above her. "Don't tell me! I did not believe it then, and by heaven, I won't believe it now!"

(To Be Continued.)

## DEMAND IS GREAT FOR CANNING BOOKS

So great has been the demand for the canning and drying books which The Washington Times has been giving its women readers, 3,000 more have been placed at distribution points by the National

War Garden Commission to further help the housewives to save the surplus war garden crop.

The supply is limited, so great has been the demand, and The Washington Times is anxious to aid its women readers in food saving, so suggests you go to any one of its branches where you see the famous "Can the Kaiser" poster and ask for the booklet.

### BAD FOR KIDDIES



PICKLES HAVE LITTLE FOOD VALUE, BUT THEY GIVE A FLAVOR TO A MEAL WHICH IS LIKED BY MANY. THEY SHOULD NOT BE GIVEN TO CHILDREN.

(NATIONAL WAR GARDEN COMMISSION, D. C.)

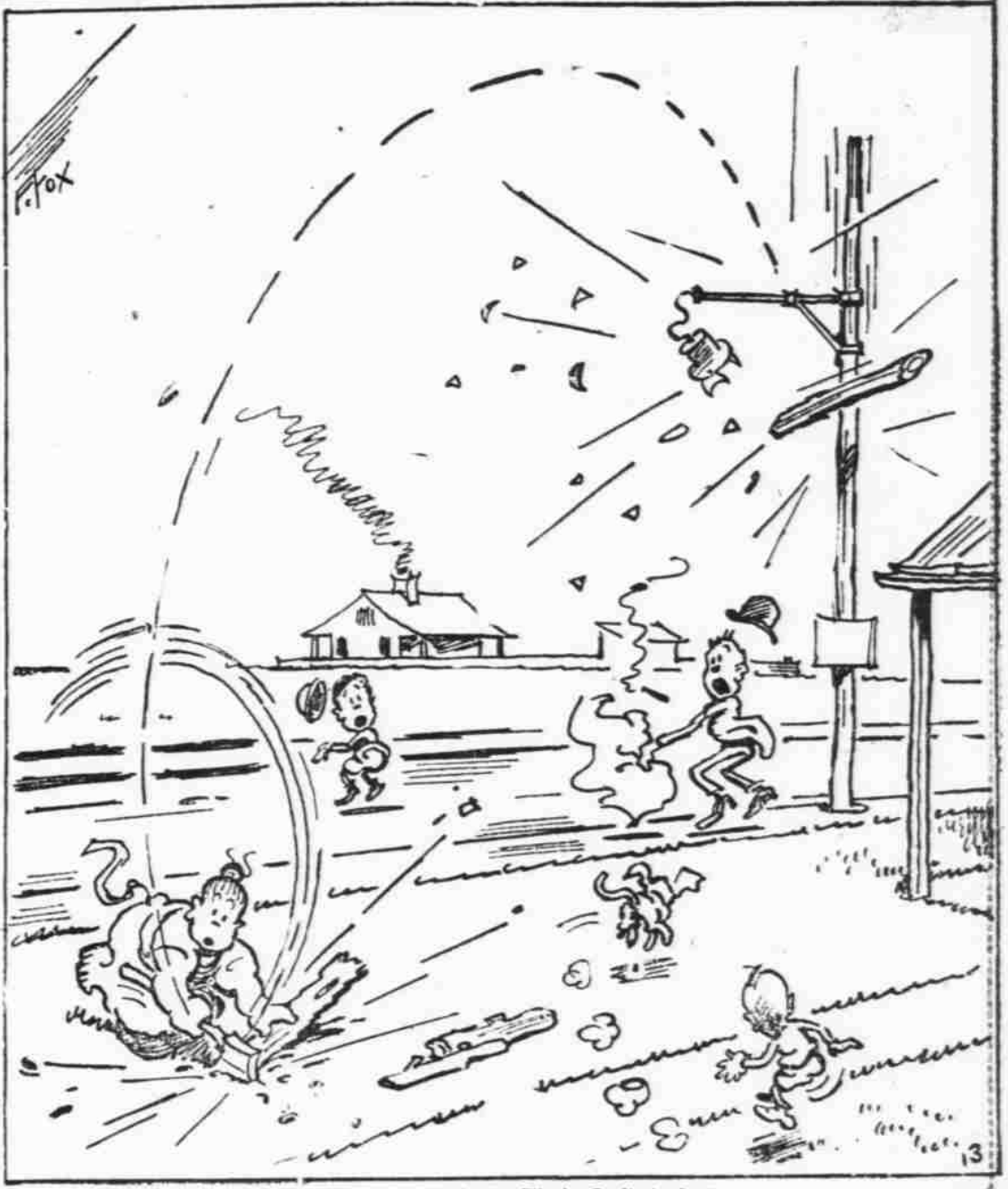
Community canning work is new at its height," said P. S. Ridsdale, the secretary of the commission, today, "and every woman who wants concise canning and drying information should get one of these booklets which The Times is doing such a great service."

Price According to Pocket.

A traveler in China entered a shop to purchase tea and was amazed at being told that he could have five pounds of a certain tea for \$2.50, but that ten pounds would be \$7.50. When he pointed out the inconsistency, the shopkeeper insisted that his method was strictly businesslike. "More buy, more rich—more rich, more can pay!" he said.

## The Powerful Katrinka Is Far Too Strong To Be Allowed To Chop Wood Within the City Limits.

By FONTAINE FOX.



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